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OPERA LIBRETTO

No. 3

The
BOHEMIAN GIRL



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THE BOHEMIAN GIRL

Opera in 3 Acts / / / *Balfe*

SIEMENS

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NOTES



THE COMPOSER

Michael William Balfe, though counted as one of our English composers, was really Irish, born in Dublin in 1808. At the early age of six he was playing the violin for his father's dancing classes, and a year later was able to score dance music for a band. In 1817 he appeared as solo violinist and in the same year made his *début* as a composer with a ballad which was afterwards sung by Madame Vestris. After several years of varied experience, which included playing in the orchestra at Drury Lane, travelling abroad and meeting Cherubini, Rossini, and other Masters, singing too as an operatic baritone with decided success, he began his career as a writer of English Opera in 1835. For some time he combined his activities in that direction with singing, and among the parts in which he made successful appearances was that of Papageno, in the first performance of the "*Magic Flute*" in English, in March 1838.

In 1841 he removed to Paris, where several of his works were produced with real success. It was during his stay there that he composed "*The Bohemian Girl*," the most successful of all his operas, and the only one which maintains its hold on public affection to-day. He returned to England to produce it here, and the work was afterwards given abroad in German, Italian, and French, in different parts of Europe.

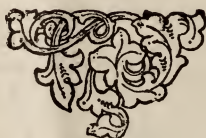
From then, until 1864, he was busily engaged as composer and conductor, appearing with success in Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and other famous centres. He received more than one foreign distinction, being a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour and a Commander of the Order of Carlos III of Spain. The King of Prussia offered him the Order of the Prussian Eagle, but this he was not allowed to accept.

In 1864 he retired to the country, and while devoting himself largely to rural pursuits, still continued to compose and to make occasional visits abroad. He died in 1870, his widow surviving him till 1888. In 1882 a memorial tablet to him was unveiled in Westminster Abbey.

He had many of the gifts which go to make a successful musician, particularly an almost unlimited fluency of melodious invention, and the happy knack of producing striking effects. His great experience enabled him to use these not only with a fine command of the resources at his disposal, but with an astonishing rapidity in production. He lacked something of self-criticism, however; immediate success apparently counted for more with him than a high standard of artistic value; the same qualities which won him so much popularity in his lifetime, are those which account in large measure for his failure to gain a really great place among the immortals.

"The Bohemian Girl" was produced at Drury Lane Theatre in November 1843. Fifteen years later it was given in Italian at "Her Majesty's," under the title "La Zingara," with Piccolomini in the role of Arline ; in 1869 it was given at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, in an enlarged form, with several additional numbers by Balfe himself. Its French name was "La Bohémienne."

Alfred Bunn, who adapted the text of the Opera from a Ballet called "The Gipsy," by Fanny Ellsler, was for many years director of Drury Lane Theatre. He was a real enthusiast in the cause of English opera, and produced several of Balfe's works as well as more than one by Wallace and others ; for many of these he himself arranged or wrote the libretti, none of them of any literary or artistic merit on their own account. It was he who engaged Madame Malibran for Drury Lane at the fee of £125 a night, a figure which was at that date unprecedented. But at the present day he is probably best remembered by his famous satire "A Word with Punch," a remarkable piece of self-expression which is still read.



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THE BOHEMIAN GIRL



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COUNT ARNHEIM (Governor of Presburg)	Baritone
THADDEUS (a proscribed Pole)	Tenor
FLORESTEIN (Nephew of the Count)	Tenor
DEVILSHOOF (Chief of the Gipsies)	Bass
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD	Bass
OFFICER	Tenor
ARLINE (Daughter of the Count)	Soprano
BUDA (her Attendant)	Soprano
QUEEN OF THE GIPSIES	Mezzo Contralto
CHORUS.					

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Chateau and grounds of Count Arnheim, on the Danube, near Presburg. On one side, the principal entrance to the Castle, opposite is a Statue of the Emperor, above which a party is employed raising the Austrian flag.

[On the rising of the curtain, the Retainers of Count Arnheim are discovered preparing for the chase.]

CHORUS.

Up with the banner, and down with the slave—
 Who shall dare to dispute the right,
 Wherever its folds in their glory wave,
 Of the Austrian Eagle's flight ;
 Its pinion flies
 As free in the skies,
 As that of the airy king,
 Thro' danger fleets
 As heart that beats
 Beneath his pluméd wing.

[After they have fixed the flag they all come forward.]

Now the foeman lieth low, and the battle-field's won,
 We may honour in peace what in war we have done.
 The stirring chase, the festive board,
 Shall the day and night beguile ;
 Then up with the banner, &c.

[*At the end of the Chorus, Count Arnheim and Florestein enter from Chateau (S.E.L.), followed by various neighbouring Nobles, Pages, Huntsmen, &c., and his child, Arline, attended by Buda, &c.*]

SOLO.—COUNT.

A soldier's life
Has seen of strife,
In all its forms so much,
That no gentler theme
The world will deem
A soldier's heart can touch.

CHORUS.—HUNTERS.

Away to the hill and glen,
Where the hunter's belted men
With bugles shake the air.

[*The Count, after bowing to his friends, sees Arline and takes her in his arms.*]

Count—Ah ! who can tell, save he who feels
The care a parent's love reveals,
How dear, fond thing, thou art
To this lone, widow'd heart !

Chorus—Away to the hill and glen, &c.

[*During this, a Retainer brings down (R.) a rifle to Florestein, who puts it away from him. Count Arnheim exits into Chateau. Nobles and Hunters ascend rocks and exeunt. Arline petitions Buda to let her accompany them, and goes off by a footpath, at side of rocks, with her and Florestein.*]

Enter Thaddeus, breathless and exhausted, in a state of great alarm. (Speaks.)

Thaddeus—A guard of Austrian soldiers are on my track, and I can no longer elude their vigilance. An exile from my wretched country, now a prey to the inveterate invader, my only hope is in some friendly shelter. (*Sees the Statue of the Emperor.*) Ah ! that tells me I am here on the very threshold of our enemies !

RECITATIVE.

Thaddeus—Without a country, without a home, without friends and without fortune ! Oh, what will become of the proscribed orphan, Thaddeus of Poland ?

CAVATINA.

'Tis sad to leave your fatherland,
And friends you loved there well,
To wander on a stranger strand,
Where friends but seldom dwell.
Yet, hard as are such ills to bear,
And deeply though they smart,
Their pangs are light to those who are
The orphans of the heart !

Oh, if there were one gentle eye -
To weep when I might grieve,
One bosom to receive the sigh
Which sorrow oft will heave ;
One heart the ways of life to cheer,
Though rugged they might be,
No language can express how dear
That heart would be to me !

[At the end of song, a troop of Gipsies headed by Devilshoof, their leader, suddenly appear (R.), and are about to seize and rob Thaddeus, but presuming by his dress that he is a soldier, they stop and examine him.]

CHORUS.

In the gipsy's life you read
The life that all would like to lead.

Sometimes under roof and sometimes thrown
Where the wild wolf makes his lair,
For he who's no home to call his own
Will find a home somewhere.

'Tis the maxim of man,
What's another's to claim ;
Then to keep all he can,
And we do the same !

Thus a habit once, 'tis custom grown,
And every man will take care,
If he hasn't a home to call his own
To find a home somewhere.

Thaddeus (speaks)—The sight of these wanderers has inspired me with a project. (To Devilshoof)—Your manner and habit please me. I should like to join your band. I am young, strong, and have, I hope, plenty of courage.

Devilshoof—Who are you ?

Thaddeus—One without money, without home, and without hope.

Devilshoof—You're just the fellow for us, then !

Gipsy (who is on the look-out on rock, R.)—Soldiers are coming this way.

Thaddeus—'Tis me they are in search of.

Devilshoof—Indeed ! then they'll be cunning if they find you.

[In a moment they strip the soldier's dress off Thaddeus, and as they are putting on a gipsy's frock, &c., over him, a roll of parchment, with seal attached, falls at the feet of Devilshoof, who seizes it.]

Devilshoof—What's this ?

Thaddeus—My commission ! It is the only thing I possess on earth, and I will never part with it.

[Snatches it, conceals it in his bosom, and has just time to mix himself with the Gipsies, when a body of the Emperor's soldiers enter in pursuit.]

Officer (scrutinising Gipsies)—Have you seen anyone pass this way—any stranger ?

Devilshoof—No one—stay—yes ; a young Polish soldier ran by just now, and passed up those rocks.

Officer—That's he—thanks, friend !—Forward !

[Exeunt soldiers up rocks.]

DUET AND CHORUS.

Devilshoof—Comrade, your hand, We understand Each other in a breath.
[Shaking his hand.]

This grasp secures Its owner yours, In life, and until death.

Thaddeus—The scenes and days to me,
Which seem'd so blest to be,
No time can e'er restore.

Chorus—In the gipsy's life you read, &c.

Thaddeus—My wants are few—

Devilshoof—Want we ne'er knew, But what we could supply.

Thaddeus—Then what is worse I have no purse—

Devilshoof—We nothing have to buy.

Thaddeus—My heart 'twill ring—

Devilshoof—That is a thing In which we never deal.

Thaddeus—But all I need—

Devilshoof—'Twere best indeed To borrow, beg, or steal.

Chorus—In the gipsy's life you read, &c.

Devilshoof and Chorus—Then rest ye here while we
Explore each spot, and see
What luck there is in store.

Thaddeus and Chorus—The scenes and days to me,
Which seem'd so blest to be,
No time can e'er restore.

[All exeunt R.—*Loud shouts and alarms are heard, which become more and more distinct, when a body of Huntsmen are seen to cross the tree over the rocks, &c., and exeunt by the path where Arline, &c., went off. Alarms continue, when Florestein rushes in apparently frightened to death.*]

SONG.

Florestein—Is no succour near at hand ?

For my intellect so reels,
I am doubtful if I stand
On my head or on my heels.
No gentleman, it's very clear,
Such shocks should ever know,
And when I once become a peer,
They shall not treat me so !

Then let ev'ry vassal arm,
For my thanks he well deserves,
Who from this state of alarm
Will protect my shattered nerves !
To think that one unused to fear
Such fright should ever know ;
But let them make me once a peer,
They shall not treat me so !

[At end of song Thaddeus and Peasantry rush in, evincing the greatest alarm and terror.]

Thaddeus (speaks)—What means this alarm ?

Peasant—The Count's child and her attendant have been attacked by an infuriated animal, and are probably killed ere this !

Thaddeus—What do I hear ?

[He perceives the rifle that Florestein has left on the stage, utters an exclamation, seizes it, runs up the rocks, aims, fires, and instantly rushes off. The discharge of the rifle, and the alarm of the Peasantry, bring Count Arnheim and his party to the spot. Devilshoof enters at one side at the same time, watching.]

Count (speaks)—Whence proceed these sounds of fear, and where is my darling child ?

[All maintain a painful silence, when Thaddeus is seen rushing in, conveying Arline, who is wounded in the arm, and seems faint.]

Buda (falling at the Count's feet)—We were pursued by the wild deer they were chasing, and but for the bravery of this young man (*pointing to Thaddeus*) the life of your child would have been sacrificed.

Count (clasping his child in his arms)—Praised be Providence her life is saved, for she is all that renders mine happy. (*Looking at her arm, then addressing Buda.*) Let her wound have every attention, though it presents no sign of danger.

[*Buda goes into the Castle with Arline, and Count Arnheim advances to Thaddeus.*]

Stranger, accept the hand of one who, however different to you in station, can never sufficiently thank you for the services you have rendered him.

Devilshoof (aside)—First to serve, and then be thanked by the persecutor of his country. The fellow's mad!

Count—I trust you will remain, and join the festivities we are about to indulge in; and 'twill gratify me to hear how I can be useful to you.

Thaddeus—I thank your lordship; but—

Count (to the Nobles)—Pray, my friends, join your entreaties to mine.

[*Here the Nobles all surround the Count and Thaddeus, and Florestein, coming up to him, says—*

Florestein—I'm extremely obliged to you for not shooting me as well as my little cousin—and I beg you'll—aw—stay—(*aside*)—A very common sort of personage, apparently.

Thaddeus (to the Count)—Be it as your lordship wishes.

Count—Then be seated, friends, and let the fete begin.

[*They all seat themselves at the tables, which have previously been laid on the O.P. opposite the Castle. Thaddeus takes his seat at the farther end, Florestein occupying a prominent position. When they are seated, a variety of dances are introduced, during which Buda is seen at one of the windows holding on her knee the child, whose arm is bound up. At the termination of the dancing the Count rises.*]

Count—I ask you to pledge but once, and that is, to the health and long life of your Emperor.

[*Here the Guests fill their glasses, rise, and turning towards the statue of the Emperor, drink, while the Peasantry surround it respectfully. Thaddeus alone keeps his seat, on perceiving which, Florestein goes up to the Count and points it out to him.*]

Florestein—Your new acquaintance, my dear uncle, is not overburdened with politeness or loyalty, for he neither fills his glass nor fulfils your wishes.

Count (filling a glass, and going up to Thaddeus)—I challenge you to empty this to the health of our Emperor.

Thaddeus (taking the glass)—I accept the challenge, and thus I empty the goblet.

[*Goes up to the statue and throws down the glass with the utmost contempt. A general burst of indignation follows.*]

CHORUS OF GUESTS,

Who rise, draw their swords and rush towards Thaddeus—

Down with the daring slave
Who disputes the right
Of a people's delight,
And would their anger brave.

Count (to the Nobles and Guests, interposing between them and Thaddeus);—

Although 'tis vain to mask
The rage such act demands,
Forgive me if I ask
His pardon at your hands ;
If from your wrath I venture to have craved
The life of one, my more than life who saved.

(To Thaddeus)—Stranger, I answer not
One moment for your life ;
Quit, while you may, a spot
Where you have raised a strife.
Your longer presence will more excite,
And this will the service you did me requite.

[Throws Thaddeus a purse of gold. Devilshoof rushes in.]

Devilshoof—Where is the hand will dare to touch
One hair of a head I prize so much.

[Taking the hand of Thaddeus.]

(To Count)—That pulse of pride you boast
Within me beats as high ;
You and your titled host,
Proud lord, I do defy.

Florestein—*(Aside, with a glass in one hand, and a leg of a bird in the other)*—

Upon my life 'tis most unpleasant
Just as one had attack'd a pheasant.

[Thaddeus, who had taken up the purse, and seeing himself and Devilshoof surrounded by the Nobles and Guests, throws the purse at the Count's feet.]

Thaddeus—Take back your gold, and learn to know
One—above aught you can bestow.

Chorus of Nobles, &c.

Down with the daring slave
Who would our fury brave.

Devilshoof—Stand back, ye craven things ;
Who dares obstruct our path
Upon his rashness brings
The vengeance of my wrath.

[Devilshoof, defending Thaddeus, retreats, pressed upon by the Nobles, Guests, &c., when the Count orders a party of his Retainers to divide them ; they seize Devilshoof and take him into the castle.]

Count—Seize him and bind him, and there let him find
Escape from those walls better men have confined.

[Here a party of Huntsmen and Retainers separate Thaddeus and Devilshoof ; they march Thaddeus off, and exeunt among the rocks, while Devilshoof is dragged into the castle.]

Devilshoof (as they are dragging him off)—
Tho' meshed by numbers in the yoke
Of one by all abhorr'd,
Yet tremble, worthless lord,
At the vengeance you provoke.

Chorus—Down with the daring slave
Who would our fury brave.

Count (*speaks*)—Pardon this unseemly interruption, and let the fete proceed.

[*Devilshoof is dragged off into the castle; the Count, Nobles, &c., rescue themselves, when other dances are introduced and the festival continues. Buda is seen to leave the window at which she has been seated with Arline, and she enters and converses with the Count. In the midst of the most joyous movements of the dance, Devilshoof is seen descending from the roof of the castle, until he reaches the window of Arline's chamber, into which he is seen to enter and to shut it immediately. Buda then enters the castle, and in a minute afterwards the festivities are interrupted by a violent shrieking, the window is thrown open, and Buda, pale, and with dishevelled hair, signifies by her gestures that Arline has disappeared.*]

Chorus—What sounds break on the air?

What looks of wild despair
A grief as wild impart.

Count—My child! that word alone,
With agonising tone,
Bursts in upon my heart!

[*Count and Nobles dash into the castle. A general movement of all—some are seen at the window of Arline's chamber signifying that she is gone.*]

Chorus—Be every hand prepared
Their liege lord's halls to guard,
With devotion's bond
All ties beyond.

Florestein (*kneeling, and appearing greatly alarmed*)—

Why, what with dancing, screaming, fighting,
One really is a shocking plight in,
And it puzzles quite one's wit
To find a place to pick a bit.

[*The Count rushes from the castle, dragging Buda, and followed by Nobles. Buda, trembling, falls on her knees.*]

Count—Wretch! monster! give me back
The treasure of my soul;
Go—all—the spoiler's footsteps track
That treasured prize who stole.
But no, vain hope! unless we pray to Him
Who healeth all sorrow, with suppliant limb.

PRAYER.

Thou, who in might supreme,
O'er the fate of all reignest,
Thou, who hope's palest beam
In the mourner sustainest;
Vouchsafe to lend an ear
To the grief of the wailer,
Cut short the dark career
Of the ruthless assailer.

[*During the prayer, Devilshoof is seen climbing up the rocks with Arline in his arms.*]

Chorus—

Follow, follow, with heart and with arm,
Follow, follow, and shelter from harm
The pride of Arnheim's line,
Where all its hopes entwine.

[*At the most animated part of the Chorus, bodies of Gentry, Retainers, Servants, &c., are seen rushing towards the rocks, and over every part, in pursuit of Devilshoof, who, perceiving his situation, knocks away, the moment he has crossed it, the trunk of the tree which serves as a bridge between the two rocks, and thus bars their passage. Count Arnheim, in his distraction, is about to throw himself into the gulf—he is held back by attendants, into whose arms he falls senseless. Some are in the attitude of prayer—others menace Devilshoof, who, folding Arline in his large cloak, disappears in the depths of the forest.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

Note.—Twelve years are supposed to elapse between the First and Second Acts.

SCENE I.

Street in Presburg, by moonlight—Tent of the Queen of the Gipsies, large curtains at the back—it is lighted by a lamp. On the opposite side of the stage are houses—one of which, an hotel, is lighted up.

[*Arline is discovered asleep on a tiger's skin—Thaddeus is watching over her. As the curtain rises a Patrol of the City Guard marches by, and as soon as they are gone off Devilshoof and a party of Gipsies, wrapped up in cloaks, suddenly appear.*]

Chorus—

Silence, silence !—the lady moon
Is the only witness now awake,
And weary of watching, perchance she soon
To sleep will herself betake.

Silence, silence ! from her throne in air
She may look on, for aught we care ;
But if she attend unto our behest,
She will quietly go to her rest.

SOLO—Devilshoof.

There's a deed to do whose gains
Will reward the risk and the pains—

[*The Gipsies all draw their daggers and appear delighted.*]

Fie, fie ! to a gentleman when you appeal,
You may draw his purse without drawing your steel ;
With bows, and politeness, and great respect,
You may take more than he can at first detect.

[*Pointing to the lighted windows of the hotel.*]

See, where in goblets deep
What sense they have they steep.
Watch here ! till each to his home
Shall reel on his doubtful way.
Watch here ! and the goblet's foam
Will make him an easy prey.

Silence, silence ! this way, this way !

[*As the Gipsies retire up the stage, Florestein staggers out of the hotel—he is elegantly dressed, with chain, rings, &c., and a rich medallion round his neck.*]

Florestein—Wine, wine ! If I am heir
To the Count—my uncle's—line— [Hiccup.]
Where's the fellow—will dare
To refuse his nephew—wine ? [Hiccup.]

That moon there, staring me in the way,
Can't be as modest as people say,
For meet whom she will, and in whatever spot,
She often looks on at what she ought not.

[The Gipsies have by this time advanced, and Devilshoof goes politely up to Florestein.]

Devilshoof—My ear caught not the clock's last chime,
And might I beg to ask the time ?

[Florestein reels, recovers a little, and after eyeing Devilshoof—

Florestein (aside)—If the bottle has prevailed,
Yet whenever I'm assailed,
Though there may be nothing in it, I am
I am sobered in a minute—

(To Devilshoof)—You are really so polite,
That (pulling out his watch) 'tis late into the night.

Florestein (assuming courage)—May I beg to ask—?

Devilshoof—I am grieved to see
Any one in such a state,
And will gladly take the utmost care
Of the rings and chains you chance to wear.

[Taking from Florestein his rings, chain, and the rich medallion. Florestein draws his sword.]

Florestein—What I thought was politeness is downright theft,
And at this rate I soon shall have nothing left.

[At a sign from Devilshoof the Gipsies instantly surround Florestein, and take every valuable from him.]

Chorus—Advance with caution, let every man
Seize on, and keep whatever he can.

[During the Chorus Devilshoof makes off with the medallion, and the others are dividing the rest of the spoil, when a female appears in the midst of them, drops her cloak, and discovers their Queen. The Gipsies appear stupefied.]

Queen—Hold ! To him from whom you stole,
Surrender back the whole.

[The Gipsies return the different things to Florestein.]

Florestein (trembling and looking over the things)—
Thanks, madam—lady—but might I request
A medallion in diamonds—worth all the rest.

[At a sign from the Queen, who seems to command its restitution,

Chorus of Gipsies—

On our chieftain's share we ne'er encroach,
And he fled with that prize at your approach.

Queen (to Florestein)—Be your safety my care—

Florestein (trembling)—I'm in precious hands.

Queen (to Gipsies)—Follow and list to your Queen's commands.

Chorus—Yes, we will list to our Queen's commands.

[Exit Queen, holding Florestein, all of a tremble, with one hand, and beckoning the Gipsies to follow, with the other. As soon as they have gone off, Arline, who has been awakened by the noise, comes from the tent, followed by Thaddeus.]

Arline (speaks)—Where have I been wandering in my sleep? and what curious noise awoke me from its pleasant dream? Ah, Thaddeus, would you not like to know my dream? Well, I will tell it you.

THE GIPSY GIRL'S DREAM.

I dream'd that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side,
And of all who assembled within those walls
That I was the hope and pride.
I had riches too great to count—could boast
Of a high ancestral name;
And I also dream'd, which charmed me most,
[*Taking both his hands in hers.*]
That you loved me still the same.

I dream'd that suitors besought my hand,
That knights upon bended knee,
And with vows no maiden heart could withstand,
That they pledged their faith to me.
And I dream'd that one of this noble host
Came forth my hand to claim;
Yet I also dream'd, which charmed me most,
That you lov'd me still the same.

[*At the end of the ballad Thaddeus presses Arline to his heart.*]

Arline (speaks)—And do you love me still?

Thaddeus—More than life itself.

Arline—Yet is there a mystery between our affections and their happiness that I would fain unravel (*pointing to her arm*). The mark on this arm, which I have seen you so often contemplate, is the key to that mystery. By the love you say you bear me, solve it.

DUET.

Thaddeus (taking her hand and pointing to the mark)—

That wound upon thine arm,
Whose mark through life will be,
In saving thee from greater harm,
Was there transfixed by me.

Arline—By thee?

Thaddeus—Ere on thy gentle head
Thy sixth sun had its radiance shed,
A wild deer, who had lain at bay,
Pursued by hunters cross'd thy way;
But slaying him I rescued thee,
And in his death throe's agony
That tender frame, by his antler gored,
This humble arm to thy home restor'd.

Arline—Strange feelings move this breast
It never knew before,
And bid me here implore
That you reveal the rest.

ENSEMBLE.

Thaddeus—The secret of her birth
To me is only known,
The secret of a life whose worth
I prize beyond my own.

Arline—The secret of my birth
To him is fully known,
The secret of a life whose worth
I prize beyond my own.

Arline—Speak, tell me, ease my tortured heart,
And that secret, evil or good, impart.

Thaddeus—I will tell thee, although I lose thee for ever.

ENSEMBLE.

Arline—Where is the spell hath yet effaced
The first fond lines that love hath traced,
And after years have but imprest
More deep in love's confiding breast ?

Thaddeus—And yet few spells have e'er effaced
The first fond lines that love hath traced,
And after years have but imprest
More deep in love's confiding breast.

[At the end of the duet Thaddeus throws himself, in an ecstacy, at the feet of Arline, and is bathing her hand with kisses, when the back curtains of the tent are withdrawn, and the Queen appears, pale and trembling with passion. She advances towards Arline, and pointing to Thaddeus.]

Queen—And dare you aspire to the love of him who possesses the heart of your Queen ?

Arline—I possess his heart, and will yield the possession to no one. He is the saviour of my life, and the only friend that I have in all the tribe : he has sworn how much he loves me.

Queen—Loves you !

Arline—Yes ; let him speak for himself, and choose between us.

Queen—Be it so.

[Thaddeus, who has been anxiously watching the two, here runs and embraces Arline. She surveys the Queen with an air of triumph.]

Arline (to the Queen)—I made no idle boast. (Then to Thaddeus)—Summon our comrades hither.

[The Queen is standing in the centre, while Thaddeus calls the Gipsies together, who enter on all sides and surround the Queen, and appear to ask what is going on.]

CONCERTED PIECE.

Arline—Listen, while I relate
The hopes of the Gipsy's fate.
I am loved by one, by one I love
All other hearts above,
And the sole delight to me
Is with him united to be.

[Taking the hand of Thaddeus.]

Chorus—Happy and light of heart be those
Who in each bosom one faith repose !

Devilshoof (aside—maliciously pointing to the Queen)—

A rival's hate you may better tell
By her rage than by her tears,
And it, perchance, may be as well
To set them both by the ears.

(To Queen)—As Queen of the tribe, 'tis yours by right,
The hands of those you rule to unite.

Chorus (to the Queen, who draws back and hesitates)—

In love and truth, by thee
Their hands united be.

Queen (haughtily advancing and taking the hands of Arline and Thaddeus)—

Hand to hand, and heart to heart,
Who shall those I have mated part ?
By the spell of my sway,
Part them who may.

[Joining their hands.]

Chorus—Happy and light of heart be those
Who in each bosom one faith repose.

[*During this scene the stage has been growing somewhat lighter.*]

A Gipsy enters.

Gipsy (speaks)—Morning is beginning to dawn, and crowds of people are already flocking towards the fair; the sports begin with daylight.

Queen—Summon the rest of the tribe, and meet me forthwith in the public square. (*To Devilshoof*)—Do you remain to bear my further orders.

[*Exeunt Thaddeus and Arline, hand in hand, followed by the other Gipsies, repeating Chorus.*]

Chorus—In the gipsies' life you read
The life that all would like to lead.

Queen—'Tis gone—the past was all a dream,
The light of life is o'er,
The hope that once so bright did seem
Now shines for me no more.

Ah, foolish heart, without a thought,
In joy that didst believe,
Nor knew, what many a tale has taught,
Love smiles but to deceive.

No more I'll join the dance and song,
Or mingle with the gay,
And, happy as the day is long,
Beguile the hours away.

I'll seek me out some silent spot,
In solitude to grieve,
And learn, what many a tale has taught,
Love smiles but to deceive.

DUET.

Queen—This is thy deed—seek not to assuage
My jealous fears and a rival's rage.

Devilshoof—I neither fear nor seek to calm—

Queen (aside to Devilshoof)—

Revenge is the wounded bosom's balm.
That jewel with which thou hast dared to deck
Thy foredoomed neck,
Answer me—where didst thou get it—where?

Devilshoof—'Twas entrusted to my care.

Queen—This very night, on this very spot,
Thy soul for once its fears forgot,
And a drunken galliard, who cross'd thy way,
Became thy prey—

Devilshoof—Fiend born, 'twere vain to fly
The glances of her searching eye.

ENSEMBLE.

Queen—Down on thy knee, and that gem restore,
E'en in thy shame amazed,
Or long years of sin shall deplore
The storm which thou hast raised.

Devilshoof (aside)—It best might be the prize to restore,
Much as I seem amazed;
Oh! hereafter I may deplore
The storm which I have raised.

[*Kneeling and presenting the medallion to the Queen.*]

Queen, I obey.

Queen—'Tis the wisest thing
Thy miscreant heart could do.

[Takes medallion.]

Devilshoof (*aside*)—Who from my grasp such prize could wring,
The doing it may rue.

Queen—Depart and join the rest.

Devilshoof—I will do thy high behest.

ENSEMBLE.

(*Aside*)—The wrongs we forgive not and cannot forget,
Will vengeance more sharply whet.

Queen—The wrongs we forgive not and cannot forget,
Will vengeance more sharply whet.

[*Exeunt the Queen and Devilshoof at separate sides.*]

SCENE II.

Another Street in Presburg. Daylight.

Enter Arline, in a fanciful dress, followed by a troupe of Gipsies. She has a tambourine in her hand.

Chorus—

In the gipsies' life you read
The life that all would like to lead.

SONG.—*Arline.*

Come with the gipsy bride !
And repair
To the fair,
Where the mazy dance
Will the hours entrance,
Where souls as light preside !
Life can give nothing beyond
One heart you know to be fond ;
Wealth with its hoards cannot buy
The peace content can supply.
Rank in its halls may not find
The calm of a happy mind ;
So repair
To the fair,
And they all may be met with there.
Love is the first thing to clasp,
But if he escape your grasp,
Friendship will then be at hand,
In the young rogue's place to stand ;
Hope, too, will be nothing loth
To point out the way to both ;
So repair
To the fair,
And they all may be met with there.

[*Exit Arline, followed by the tribe of Gipsies.*]

SCENE III.

A Grand Fair in the Public Platz of Presburg. On one side a large hotel, over which is inscribed "The Hall of Justice." Various groups of Gentry, Soldiers, Citizens, and Peasantry cover the stage. Foreign shops are seen in various parts, curious Rope Dancers, Showmen, Waxwork, a Quack Doctor. Exhibitions, &c., &c., are dispersed here and there. Flags hung out at the windows and ringing of bells enliven the scene.

Chorus—

Life itself is at the best
One scene in mask of folly drest ;
And there is no part of its wild career,
But you will meet with here !
To these symbols of life your voices swell,
Vive la masque, et vive la bagatelle.

[*At the end of the Chorus and during the Symphony, a movement is perceived at the further end of the place, which is followed by the entrance of a double party of men Gipsies, headed by Devilshoof and Thaddeus, who force a passage down the centre of the stage, which they occupy ; they then open their ranks, when another file of female Gipsies, headed by their Queen and Arline, passes down them ; Florestein and a party are seen watching them with great curiosity.*]

QUARTET.

Arline, Queen, Thaddeus, and Devilshoof—

From the valleys and hills,
Where the sweetest buds grow,
And are watered by rills
Which are purest that flow—
Come we ! come we !

*Chorus—*In the gipsies' life you read
The life that all would like to lead.

SOLO.—*Arline.*

Sir Knight, and lady, listen !
That bright eye seems to glisten.

(*To a lady*)—

As if his trusted tale
Did o'er thy sense prevail !

(*To another—pointing to her heart*)—

Pretty maiden, take care, take care,
What havoc love maketh there.

(*To a third—pointing to a ring on her finger*)—

And this token, from love you borrow,
Is the prelude of many a sorrow :
There are those have lived to know
The gipsy's words are true.

Chorus (as the same dance of the other Gipsies continues)—

Life itself is at the best
One scene in mask of folly drest ;
And there is no part of its wild career,
But you will meet with here !
To these symbols of life your voices swell,
Vive la masque, et vive la bagatelle.

[*At the end of the dance and chorus, Count Arnheim and some Officers of State enter ; his hair has become grey, his step is slow, and his appearance is that of sorrow. He is accosted by Florestein.*]

Florestein (speaks)—My dear uncle, it delights me to see you amongst us, and here is a little gipsy girl that would delight you still more (*aside*) if you had my blood in your veins ; she's positively a charming creature.

Count—I have lost the taste of joy, and the sight of youth and beauty recalls to my memory that treasure of both, my loved and lost Arline.

[He gazes attentively at Arline, sighs heavily, then exit with his retinue into the Hall of Justice.]

Florestein (to a party of his friends)—It's no use restraining me—I'm positively smitten. *(Breaks from them and goes up to Arline)*—Fair creature, your manner has enchanted me, and I would fain take a lesson from you.

Arline—In politeness, sir? By all means: to begin, then, whenever you address a lady always take your hat off.

Florestein—Very smart *(with a titter)*—'pon my word—very smart. Your naïveté only increases the feelings of admiration and devotion which a too susceptible heart—

Arline *(bursting out laughing)*—Ha! ha! ha!

Florestein—Your indifference will drive me to despair.

Arline—Will it really?

Florestein—Do not mock me, but pity my too susceptible nature, and let me print one kiss upon—

[Here Arline gives him a violent slap on the face; the Queen, who has gone up the stage with Thaddeus, now brings him on one side and points out the situation of Arline and Florestein; he is about to rush upon Florestein just as Arline has slapped his face; on receiving it, he turns round and finds himself between the two, and both are laughing in his face.]

Queen *(eyeing Florestein)*—It is the very person from whom they stole the trinkets I made them give him back again.

[Taking the medallion from her bosom.]

This, too, is his, and now my project thrives.

[Florestein turns up the stage to join his party, and the Queen crosses to Arline.]

You have acted well your part, and thus your Queen rewards you. *(Places the medallion round her neck.)* Forget not the hand who gave it.

Arline *(kneeling and kissing the Queen's hand)*—Let this bespeak my gratitude.

Queen—And now let our tribe depart.

[Chorus and dance repeated, and the Gipsies are all about to march off. Thaddeus and Arline bring up the rear of their body, and, as they are going off, Florestein, who, with his friends, has been watching their departure, perceives his medallion on the neck of Arline—he breaks through the crowd and stops her—she and Thaddeus come forward.]

Florestein—Though you treated me so lightly some moments past, you will not do so now. That medallion is mine; my friends here recognise it.

All—We do, we do!

[Here Devilshoof is seen to steal off.]

Florestein—And I accuse you of having stolen it.

Arline—Stolen! It was this instant given me by our Queen, and she is here to verify my words.

[Arline runs about looking everywhere for the Queen.]

Florestein—That's an everyday sort of subterfuge. *(To the crowd)*—Worthy people and friends, that medallion on her neck belongs to me, and I accuse her or her accomplices of having robbed me.

Chorus of Populace surrounding Arline—

Shame ! shame ! let us know the right,
And shame on the guilty one alight !

Thaddeus (rushing before Arline to shield her)—

He who a hand on her would lay,
Through my heart must force his way.

*Chorus—*Tear them asunder, but still protect
Until they can prove what they suspect.

*Arline—*To all who their belief have leant,
Heaven can attest I am innocent.

[*Florestein, who has during this movement entered the Hall of Justice, is now seen returning, followed by a strong guard, who file off each side of the steps.*]

*Chorus—*To the Hall, away, away.

[*Arline looks at him with great contempt ; the Gipsies perceiving her danger range themselves around her. Thaddeus breaks from those who are holding him and rushes up to her. Florestein has got behind the Captain of the Guard, who gives orders for his men to seize Arline, upon which the Gipsies draw their daggers. A conflict ensues, in which the Guard maintains possession of Arline. A body of the populace re-seize Thaddeus, and the Gipsies are routed. Arline is conducted by a file of the Guard, led by the Captain, and preceded by Florestein and his party into the Hall of Justice ; the people follow in a mass, while Thaddeus is detained by those who first seized him, and as Arline is going up the steps, the figure of the Queen is seen in an attitude of triumph over her rival's fall.*]

SCENE IV.

Interior of Count Arnheim's Apartment in the Hall of Justice—a view of the last scene visible through one of the windows at the back. A full-length portrait of Arline, as she was in the First Act, hangs on the wall, state chairs, &c. An elevation or dais on the O.P. side.

[*Count Arnheim enters thoughtful and dejected, he contemplates Arline's portrait and wipes the tear from his eye.*]

RECITATIVE.

Whate'er the scenes the present hour calls forth before the sight,
They lose their splendour when compared with scenes of past delight.

SONG.

The heart bow'd down by weight of woe
To weakest hope will cling,
To thought and impulse while they flow,
That can no comfort bring.
With those exciting scenes will blend
O'er pleasure's pathway thrown,
But mem'ry is the only friend
That grief can call its own.

The mind will in its worst despair
Still ponder o'er the past,
On moments of delight that were
Too beautiful to last.
To long departed years extend
Its visions with them flown ;
For mem'ry is the only friend
That grief can call its own.

[*At the end of the song, a confused noise is heard outside, when the Captain of the Guard enters.*]

Captain (speaks)—A robbery has been committed, and the accused is now in the Hall awaiting the pleasure of your lordship, as chief magistrate of the city, for examination.

Count—Bring the parties before me.

[*The Captain arranges the magisterial chair O.P., bows, and exit.*]

Anything to arouse me from these distracting thoughts, though the sole happiness I now enjoy is in the recollection of my long-lost child.

[*Seats himself, when the doors are violently opened, and a mob of Citizens, Guards, and Gentry enter. Florestein, who is in the midst of them, instantly rushes up to the Count.*]

Florestein—It is your lordship's nephew—I, who have been robbed !

Count—Some folly of yours is for ever compromising my name and that of your family.

Florestein—But I am in this instance the victim—I have been robbed, and there stands the culprit.

[*Pointing to Arline standing in the centre, pale and with dishevelled hair, but still haughty in her demeanour.*]

Count (aside)—'Tis she I saw but now in the public square. That girl—so young, so beautiful—commit a robbery, impossible !

Florestein—She stole this medallion belonging to me—we found it upon her.

Count (addressing *Arline*)—Can this be true ?

Arline (looking contemptuously at *Florestein*, and turning with dignity to the *Count*)—Heaven knows I am innocent, and if your lordship knew my heart, you would not deem me guilty.

Count—Her words sink deep into my breast. Childless myself, I fain would spare the child of another. (*To Florestein*)—What proofs have you of this ?

Florestein (pointing to his friends)—My witnesses are here, who all can swear they saw it on her neck.

All—We can.

Count—Still does my mind misgive me. (*To Arline, in a kind tone*)—My wish is to establish your innocence—explain this matter to me, and without fear.

Arline—That medallion was given to me by the Queen of the tribe to which I belong—how it became in her possession I know not. But a light breaks in upon me—I see it all—I chanced to incur her displeasure, and to revenge herself upon me she has laid for me this shameful snare, into which I have innocently fallen, and of which I have become the victim.

[*Hiding her face in her hands and weeping.*]

Count (with a struggle)—I believe your tale, and from my heart I pity the inexperience which has led to the ruin of one who seems above the grade of those she herds with ; but in the fulfilment of duty I must compromise the feelings of nature, and I am forced to deliver you into the hands of Justice.

Arline (to the *Count*)—To you, my earthly—to Him, my heavenly Judge, I re-assert my innocence. I may be accused, but will not be degraded, and from the infamy with which I am unjustly threatened, thus I free myself.

[*She draws a dagger from beneath her scarf, and is about to stab herself, when Count Arnheim rushes forward, seizes her arm, and wrests the dagger from her.*]

Count—Hold ! hold !

We cannot give the life we take,
Nor re-unite the heart we break !

[*Taking the hand of Arline, and suddenly seeing the wound on her arm.*]

What visions round me rise,
And cloud, with mists of the past, mine eyes ?
That mark ! those features ! and thy youth !

[*Dragging Arline forward, and in great agitation.*]

My very life hangs on thy truth—
How came that mark ?

Arline (*recollecting Thaddeus's words*)—Ere on my head

My sixth sun had its radiance shed,
A wild deer, who had lain at bay,
Pursued by hunters cross'd my way ;
My tender frame, by his antler gor'd,
An humble youth to my home restor'd.
The tale he but this day confess'd
And is near at hand to relate the rest.

[*Here a tumult is heard, and Thaddeus, having escaped from those who confined him, breaks into the room, and rushes into the arms of Arline. The Count, on seeing him, reels back. A general excitement prevails.*]

Count—With the force of fear and hope

My feelings have to cope !

Arline (*approaching the Count, and pointing to Thaddeus, who starts on beholding him*)—

'Tis he the danger brav'd ;
'Tis he my life who saved.

SOLO.

Count (*seizing Arline in his arms and in a transport of joy*)—

Mine own, my long lost child !
Oh, seek not to control
This frantic joy, this wild
Delirium of my soul !
Bound in a father's arms,
And pillowed on his breast,
Bid all the rude alarms
That assail'd thy feelings, rest.

[*Count clasps Arline to his heart ; kisses her head, hands, and hair, shedding tears of joy.*]

Arline (*bewildered, starts from the Count, and runs to Thaddeus*)—

Speak—speak ! this shaken frame,
This doubt, this torture, see—
My hopes—my very life—my fame
Depend on thee.

Thaddeus (*pointing to Count Arnheim, with deep emotion, aside*)—

Dear as thou long hast been,
Dear as thou long wilt be,
Mourned as this passing scene
Will be through life by me,
Though his heart, and none other like mine can adore thee,
Yet (*aloud*) thou art not deceived—'tis thy father before thee !

[*Arline staggers, and then rushes into the Count's arms.*]

ENSEMBLE.

Chorus—

Prais'd be the will of heav'n,
Whose light on them smil'd,
And whose bounty hath given
The father his child !

Count—

Prais'd be the will of heav'n
Whose light o'er me smil'd,
And whose bounty hath given
The father his child !

Arline—

Prais'd be the will of heav'n,
Whose light o'er me smiled,
And whose bounty hath given
A father his child !

Thaddeus—

Though from this bosom riven,
That heart is beguil'd,
The bereavement hath giv'n
The father his child !

[*Thaddeus hides his face in his hands, much moved.*]

Devilshoof (suddenly emerging from the crowd, and dragging Thaddeus away)—

Better to go ere driven
Than e'er be revil'd,
For the bounty hath giv'n
The father his child !

Chorus—

Prais'd be the will of heav'n,
Whose light on them smiled,
And whose bounty hath giv'n
The father his child !

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Splendid Saloon in the Castle of Count Arnheim. On the ground floor, a large window at the back opening on the Park. On the O.P. side, the door of a small Cabinet, door at the back, leading into spacious Galleries.

Enter Arline, elegantly dressed for a ball.

Arline (speaks)—The past appears to me but a dream, from which I have at length awakened. Yet my heart recalls enough to convince me it was all reality. When I think of the wandering life I led, my memory will revert to him who in every trial preserved its honour, who twice restored me to a father's arms, and at length to a father's home.

Count Arnheim enters with Florestein—Arline runs into his arms.

Count—Every moment you leave me is a moment of unhappiness. I am jealous of whatever divides us, short as may be the interval. On a night of so much joy, when so many friends are to assemble and participate in your father's delight, let me intercede for one you have too much cause to be angry with.

Arline (averting her head)—The very sight of him disturbs me. (*To the Count*)—The wishes of my dear father I would cheerfully comply with, but the repugnance I cannot overcome.

Florestein (falling on his knee)—Fair cousin, let me plead my own cause, and express the—aw—sorrow I really feel at having for an instant believed it possible—in fact, I never in reality—

Enter a Servant.

What the devil do you want at such a critical part of one's conversation ?

[*Servant crosses to the Count.*]

Servant—The castle is filling with guests who enquire for your lordship. [*Exit.*]

Count (to Arline)—Let us hasten to meet them, and afford me the joy of making you known to all.

Arline—Allow me but time to fortify myself for a ceremony I am a stranger to, and I will follow you.

Florestein—That is but reasonable, uncle—I will live in hopes of my cousin's forgiveness, which can alone restore my—peace—of mind. (*Aside*)—I shall positively expire if I don't lead off the first quadrille with her.

[*Exeunt Count and Florestein.*]

Arline—I am once more left to my thoughts, and all the deep regrets which accompany them ; nothing can drive the recollection of Thaddeus from my mind, and the lonely life I led was to me far happier than the constrained one I now pass ; and the graceful dress of the gipsy girl becomes me more than all this gaudy apparel of nobility. (*Going round the room to see if anyone is watching.*) Now no eye beholds me I may at least indulge in a remembrance of the past. (*Goes to the Cabinet o.p. and brings out her gipsy dress.*) The sight of this recalls the memory of happy days, and of him who made them happy.

[*As she is contemplating the dress, the window at the back suddenly opens, and Devilshoof springs into the apartment.*]

Arline (*screaming*)—Ah ! what seek you here with me ?

Devilshoof—Hush ! fear not ; but be silent. I come to ask you to rejoin our tribe—we have never ceased to feel the loss of one liked more than all the rest.

Arline—Impossible ! Leave me, I pray, and let me forget we have ever been acquainted.

Devilshoof—I have brought with me one who has, undoubtedly, greater powers of persuasion than I can pretend to.

[*Here Thaddeus appears at the window, enters the room, and Arline, unable to restrain her feelings, rushes into his arms.*]

Thaddeus—In the midst of so much luxury, so much wealth and grandeur, I thought you had forgotten me.

Arline—Forgotten you ! Had I nothing else to remind me of you, this (*pointing to the gipsy's dress*) would always speak to me of you. Forgotten you !

Thaddeus—The scenes in which you now move may drive from your memory every trace of the past, and I only come, to ask—to hope—that you will sometimes think upon me.

[*Devilshoof goes up to the window, on the look-out.*]

AIR.

When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well :
There may, perhaps, in such a scene,
Some recollection be
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light
Which beams within your eyes ;
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask
"Twill break your own to see ;
In such a moment I but ask
That you'll remember me.

[*At the end of the song Arline goes up to Thaddeus, and with great emphasis says*]—

Arline (speaks)—Whatever may be our future lot, nothing should persuade you that I can ever cease to think of—ever cease to love you.

Thaddeus (overjoyed)—My heart is overpowered with happiness. Yet, alas ! 'tis but of short duration, for I must leave you now for ever.

Arline—Oh, no, no ! say not so ! I cannot live without you.

Thaddeus—And will you then forsake your home, your kindred, all ! and follow me ?

TRIO.—ENSEMBLE.

Thaddeus (to Arline)—

Through the world wilt thou fly
From the world with me ?
Wilt thou Fortune's frowns defy,
As I will for thee ?

Arline (to Thaddeus)—

Through the world I will fly
From the world with thee,
Could I hush a father's sigh
That would heave for me.

Devilshoof (coming down) to Thaddeus—

All the world hither fly,
Come away with me !
Never let a lover's sigh
Ruin bring on thee !
Come away !

Devilshoof (going towards the window)—A moment more and your doom is cast.

Arline (aside)—The hopes that were brightest—the dreams of the past,
In the fulness of promise recede,
And render the prospect dark indeed.

Devilshoof—Escape is hopeless.

Arline (pointing to the cabinet)—Enter here !
Where detection we need not fear !

TRIO—"Through the world, etc."

[*Thaddeus has barely time to take refuge in the cabinet, and Devilshoof to escape by the window, when the great doors are thrown open, and a brilliant assemblage enters, led by Count Arnheim, Florestein, &c. Count takes Arline's hand and presents her to the company.*]

Count (speaks)—Welcome, welcome all—share with me all the joy I feel, while I present my loved and long-lost daughter.

FINALE.

Chorus—Welcome the present, oh ponder not
On the days departed now ;
Let the cares that were theirs be forgot,
And raised from pleasure's brow ;
Never mind Time, nor what he has done,
If he the present will smile upon.

Florestein (seeing the gipsy dress on a chair and taking it up)—
This is not an ornament fit to grace,
At such a moment, such a stately place,
And perchance 'twere best to hide the prize
In this recess (*pointing to cabinet*) from his lordship's eyes.

Arline (whose attention has been riveted on the cabinet, and seeing Florestein go near it)—That room and its treasure belong to me,
And from all intrusion must sacred be.

Chorus—Welcome the present, oh ponder not
On the days departed now.

[*A Female, closely veiled, enters the apartment, and goes up to Count Arnheim.*]

Female—Heed the warning voice !
Wail, and not rejoice !
The foe to thy rest,
Is one thou lov'st best.

[*She lets her veil fall and discovers the Queen of the Gipsies.*]

Count—Who and what art thou ? Let me know
Whom thou dost deem my foe ?

Queen—Think not my warning wild,
'Tis thy re-found child !
She loves a youth of the tribe I sway,
And braves the world's reproof ;
List to the words I say—
He is now conceal'd beneath thy roof.

Count—Base wretch, thou liest—

Queen—Thy faith I begrudge—
Open that door, and thyself be judge.

[*Count rushes to the door of the cabinet, which Arline in vain opposes.*]

ENSEMBLE.

Count—

Arline—

Stand not across my path,
Brave not a father's wrath.

Thrown thus across thy path,
Let me abide thy wrath.

[*The Count pushes Arline aside, opens the door, and Thaddeus appears ; the Count reels back, and everyone seems panic-stricken.*]

QUINTET AND CHORUS.

Count, Florestein, Thaddeus, Arline, and Queen—

Count (to Arline)—

Arline (horror-stricken on seeing the Queen)—

To shame and feeling dead,
Now hopeless to deplore,
The thunder bursting on thy head,
Had not surprised me more.

To all but vengeance dead,
She stands mine eyes before !
Its thunders waiting on my head
In all her hate to pour.

Florestein—

Queen (maliciously eyeing Arline)—

And this is why she said
I must not touch the door,
It clearly would have been ill bred,
For rivals are a bore !

All other feelings dead,
Revenge can hope restore,
Its thunders on her daring head
I only live to pour.

Thaddeus—

Chorus—

Though every hope be fled,
Which seemed so bright before,
The vengeance I scorn to dread,
Which they on me can pour !

Although to feeling dead,
This sorrow we deplore,
The thunder bursting o'er our head,
Had not surprised us more.

Count (advancing to Thaddeus)—

Leave this place thy polluting step hath cross'd,
Depart, or thou art lost.

Thaddeus (casting a sorrowful look on Arline as he is about to go)—

To threats I should contemn,
For thy dear sake I yield.

Arline (summoning resolution)—

The bursting torrent I will stem,
And him I live for shield.

[*She takes Thaddeus by the hand, and goes to the Count, then turns to the Company.*]

Break not the only tie
That bids my heart rejoice,
For whom contented I would die—
(*With energy*)—The husband of my choice.

Count (rushing between them and drawing his sword. To Thaddeus)—

Depart, ere my thirsty weapon stains
These halls with the blood of thy recreant veins !

(*To Arline*)—

False thing ! beloved too long, too well,
Brave not the madness thou canst not quell !

Queen (seizing Thaddeus by the arm)—

List to the warning voice that calls thee !
Fly from the peril which enthrals thee !

[*Darting a furious look at Arline as she passes her.*]

Weep rivers—for ages pine !
He shall never be thine.

[*As the Queen is dragging Thaddeus towards the window Arline stops him.*]

Arline (to the assembly)—

Your pardon if I seek
With my father alone to speak.

[*Exeunt omnes at the large doors (beside the windows), which close upon them ; the Queen is seen to pass out of the window.*]

Arline (falling at the Count's feet)—

See at your feet a suppliant—one
Whose place should be your heart,
Behold the only living thing
To which she had to cling ;
Who saved her life, watched o'er her years
With all the fondness faith endears,
And her affections won—
Rend not such ties apart.

Count—Child ! wilt thou ? darest thou heap
A stain thine after life will bewEEP,
On these hairs by thee and sorrow bleach'd—
On this heart dishonour never reached.

Arline (rising and seeking refuge in the arms of Thaddeus)—

Whatever the danger, the ruin, the strife—
It must fall ; united we are for life.

Count (with rage)—

United ! and wouldst thou link my name
In a chain of such deep disgrace ?
My rank, my very blood defame
With a blot no time can efface ?
The child of my heart, of my house the pride,
An outcast gipsy's bride !

Thaddeus (breaking from her, and going up with great dignity to Count Arnheim)—

Proud lord, although this head proscribed
Should fall by the weapons thy wealth had bribed,
Although in revealing the name I bear,
The home I shall see no more—
The land which to thee, in its deep despair,

The deadliest hatred bore—
I may fall, as have fallen the bravest of foes,
’Twere better like them to die !
And in dishonoured earth to lie,
Than bear, unresented, reproaches like those.

[*Count Arnheim and Arline betray symptoms of astonishment, yet great anxiety.*]

Start not, but listen !
When the fair land of Poland was ploughed by the hoof
Of the ruthless invader, when might,
With steel to the bosom and flame to the roof,
Completed her triumph o’er right,
In that moment of danger, when freedom invoked
All the fetterless sons of her pride,
In a phalanx as dauntless as freedom e’er yok’d,
I fought and I fell by her side.
My birth is noble, unstained my crest
As thine own—let this attest.

[*Takes his Commission, seen in Act I, from his bosom, and gives it to the Count, who stands fixed and bewildered.*]

Count (greatly moved)—

The feuds of a nation’s strife,
The party storms of life,
Should never their sorrows impart
To the calmer scenes of the heart.
By this hand let thine hold
Till the blood in its veins be cold !

[*Thaddeus, moved to tears, is about to fall at the feet of the Count, who checks him.*]

Not at mine—be that homage paid at hers,
Who the firmest affection on thee confers.

TRIO.

Count—Let not the soul o’er sorrows grieve,
With which the bosom hath ceased to heave ;
Let us not think of the tempest past,
If we reach the haven at last.

Arline—Ne’er should the soul o’er sorrows grieve,
With which the bosom hath ceased to heave ;
Ne’er should we think of the tempest past,
If we reach the haven at last.

Thaddeus—Why should the soul o’er sorrows grieve,
With which the bosom hath ceased to heave ?
Why should we think of the tempest past,
If we reach the haven at last ?

[*During the trio, the wan figure of the Queen has been seen at the window in the back, and at the end of it, as Thaddeus is about to embrace Arline, the Queen, in a transport of rage, points him out to a gipsy by her side, who is in the act of firing at him, when Devilshoof, who has tracked their steps, averts the gipsy’s aim, and by a rapid movement turns the musket towards the Queen—it goes off, and she falls.*]

Count (speaks)—Guard every portal—summon each guest and friend—
And this festive scene suspend.

[*The distant sound of joyous instruments heard in the saloons, which the intelligence of the catastrophe is supposed to have reached, ceases, and crowds of Nobles, Ladies, Guests, &c., pour in at each door. Arline rushes into the arms of Thaddeus, and then passes over to the Count.*]

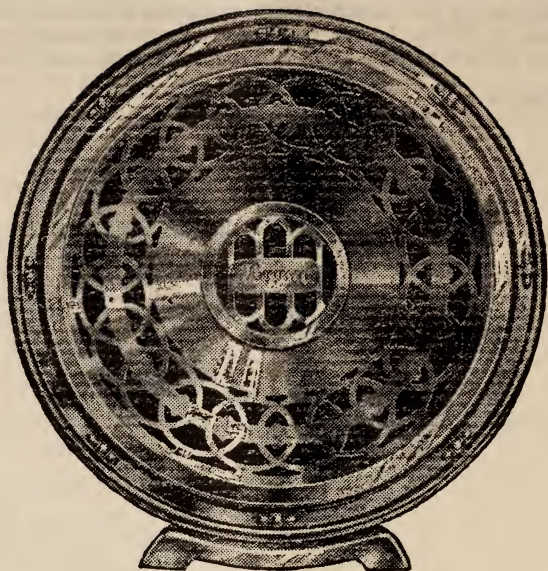
Arline and Chorus—

Oh ! what full delight
Through my bosom thrills,
And a wilder glow
In my heart instils !

Bliss unfelt before,
Hope without alloy,
Speak, with raptured tone,
Of that heart the joy !

END OF OPERA.





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